BONES OF DEAD MEN, SACRED CAVES AND UNCOUNTED MILLIONS.

Yet the Park Board Will Not Permi This Treasure Seeker, Though Backed by Spirits, to Touch the Coveted Wealth.

Here is new material for the park knockers-a young woman with a grievance against the park board. Mrs. Della Dick, a reputable lady living on the north bluff with first-class "mediumestical" connections, claims that this most respectable board is about to rob her of the fruits of three years' hard spiritualistic labors. In accordance with certain well defined 'hunches' from the spirit world, she set to work to dig up the north bluff to re-cover the bones of a copper colored Indian, ross-eyed white man and gold of fabulous amount that was buried with them. She has had sundry big holes burrowed in-to the bluff and she has found sacred caves galore; likewise, she has turned up the bones of the dead men and the seal dipped in red blood that closed the crystal vault

DEEP BURIED TREASURE against which it has been built. The other sides are of logs and blackened canvas. The trees and thick underbrush protect it from the wind, though the roof flaps with

"The park board can't get that money, she continued, "because the spirits hav

occasional gusts.
"Dear friend," said "the lady" solemnly.
Then she stopped to study a mouse in a
cage that was hanging from the stovepipe. Lady With the Twisted Feet.

given that work to me to do. Why do you know that this very spot and the underground vault where the treasure is hidden was revealed to me when I was a child 10 years old. Yes, I've always had this gift. was revealed to me when I was a child by years old. Yes, I've always had this gift. I'm a natural born medium. Never had no schoolin' at all. I never walked till I was II. My feet was twisted, but I never would let a doctor touch me. 'Who made your watch?' I said to the doctor. 'Man,' says I. If it gets out of order man will fix it. 'God made me,' says I, 'and if He wants me mended He'll do it.' A great big Indian spirit has always been with me. One night after I'd put my body to bed he took me through the vault where this trensure is buried. It is right at the end of that very cave, I saw in my vision, that we're digging now. That was when I was back in Indiana. He showed and told me all about it. An Indian and a white man's both buried there. When we went by Brother Wilson, that was the white man's name, he was stooping over but he turned his head and looked at me. Brother Wauppa, that's the Indian's name, he was lying all wrapped up in a blanket on a rock. His hands were crossed and there was a broad gold ring on his little tinger. He turned his head, too, and I looked at him as we passed by.

"Now, don't you see it's plain I'm to git

ed by.
"Now, don't you see it's plain I'm to gi



woman and counted the spot in this mane. She had located the spot in this mane, they said: Standing there in the thick of the underbrush she lifted a dead black cat by its tail, swung it three times around her head, then loosened her grasp. When the secret of the first break in the ground at the point to which the tail pointed The work of digging began and as there it fell she made the first break in the ground at the point to which the tail pointed the secrety shout it, the curiosity of the nels secrety shout it, the curiosity of the nelsenger of the nelsenger of the point of the nelsenger of

goes entirely on spiritualism, and her controlling spirit is an Indian. But my brother, he came back and told me that what the lady said was true and to go into it. So we gave up our grocery store and went into it together. You see we had been keeping a grocery store." The "lady" is not so confidential concerning the treasure as is her assocriate. "My dear young friend," she said, taking her hands out of the dish pan to reach for her Bible. "let me prove to you that God is spirit, and those that converse with Him must converse with the spirit." Him must converse with the spirit."

A bed, stove, table, chairs, trunks and a mantel plece furnish the room for this Its one firm side is the wall of rock both times, mind you!"

Prom an Exchange.

Patient—"I say, doctor, just what is this 'grip,' anyway?"

Doctor—"Why, my good fellow, that's the name we doctors have for everything nowadays except for appendicitis."

Patient—"Ah! and what is appendicitis?"

Doctor—"Why, that's the name we have for everything but the 'grip.'"

What Passled Chienco

From the Detroit Journal. First Chicago girl—"She was married both in the Greek church and in the Episcopal church." Second Chicago girl—"Well?" First Chicago girl—"To the same man

SO SAYS SANNIE KRUGER, OOM PAUL'S PRETTY NIECE.

The Boers, She Says, Are Not All Brutal and Uneducated-Girls of the Towns Dress Well-They Are Also All Good Shots.

om the Philadelphia Times. While President Kruger and General Plet Joubert are directing every energy towards the defeat, annihilation or capture of the British forces now in Natal and British Bechuanaland before the arrival of the overpowering army now about due at Cape Colony and Natal, a niece of theirs, far from her native land, is anxiously scanning every war dispatch that gives her information regarding the prowess of the sturdy Boers, whose unparalleled successes hitherto have caused her loyal heart to beat exultantly and her cheek to glow with ex-citement over each fresh burgher victory. Over a year ago, in company with her brother, she came to the United States, where he was obliged to look after an interest he had secured in one of the rich gold and silver mines of Southern Arizona At that time no thought was entertained of war or the devoted pair would have remained in the land of their nativity; one to defend his rights, and the other, if need be, to nurse and aid in every way possible her valiant kinsmen, friends and countrymen.

be, to nurse and ald in every way possible her valiant kinsmen, friends and countrymen.

Sannie Kruger's grandfather was a mixture of Boer and English, this combination being brought about before the great trek in the beginning of the century, when the Boers and English fraternized, and up to that time had not acquired the deep hatred they have for one another at the present day. Her grandmother was a Boer girl and a sister of the present wife of Oom Paul Kruger, while her father was a nephew of this clear-headed and resourceful pilot of the destiny of the Traisvani republic. She is therefore a grand-niece of both Kruger and his frau. On her mother's side she is also a great niece of General Piet Joubert. This condition of affairs has been brought about by the fact that the Boers intermarry among one another, crossing the relationships until they exceed in complicity and intricacy even the famed relationships of the West Virginia and Kentucky mountaineers.

Unlike most of her countrywomen, Sannie Kruger was educated in Europe, the greater part of her training being obtained in France and Belgium, where she became highly proficient in painting and music. President Kruger severely condemns foreign customs and a Continental training, but the fair silp of a girl he calls his niece has so captivated him that he forgave aer this unpardonable offense and even overhooks the slight strain of English blood in her nature, which probably, more than anything clee, accounts for her love of travel and her determination to accompany her brother in his unheard-of determination to leave his native country and come to America and mazard his fortunes in ...e most progressive of Anglo-Saxon countries. She is now residing in San Francisco.

In speaking of her kinsfolk Mise Kruger.

Regarding the Boers.

In speaking of her kinsfolk Miss Kruger throws much light upon what is generally unknown in this country concerning her

unknown in this country concerning her people. The impression that usually obtains concerning the Boers is that they are purely an agricultural people, with few desires and simple tastes; and from long contact with the savage tribes whose territory they took by force, they have acquired to a greater or less extent a certain barbarity and coarseness not possessed by more progressive peoples.

She says: "We Boers are plain folk with few caste and class lines, having a strong national feeling and desiring to be left alone to govern ourselves as best we see fit. The impression that prevails that we are coarse, uneducated and brutal is due to the prejudices scattered broadcast against us by the Outlanders, who are desirous of taking by hook or crook our lands and property; which have, contrary to first impression, proved very valuable, not alone in mineral wealth, but as an agricultural community.

"It is true that 'the doppers,' as we call



Harper's Bazar and the latest London fashion plates adorning the dressing tables of these city belies. As a rule, however, on ordinary occasions we dress very simply owing to the fact that we ride a great deal; and as we ride astride like the men, we cling to short skirts rather than trailing gowns. To tell you the truth I do not see how American girls accustom themselves to ride in the awkward manner they do and I am glad to see the progressive young ladies in the West have adopted our mode of riding.

ladies in the West have adopted our mode of riding.

"The general impression that Boer wives wear a Mother Hubbard and never appear in anything else is a base libel on the race. Perhaps in some of the outlying farms this may be true, but our mothers as a rule wear a two-piece garment, the skirt and waist being simply made, while their chidren, as I have before stated, lean very strongly toward foreign fashions, and adopt them on all possible occasions.
"It is also generally asserted that a great deal of Zulu blood is intermingled with our race. This is another English absurdity. We pride ourselves upon our hereditary

PAYING COMPLIMENTS.

Heart.

The Love of Pretty Speeches Never Deserts the Feminine

From the Chicago Herald. Age may bring wrinkles and snowy hair, but it never burns out the love of compliments and pretty speeches in the heart of woman. If men would only remember that women grow beautiful and sweet of character when told that they are beautiful and sweet of character the world wouldn't half the shrews and fretters and scolds who keen things stirred up as if with a soup ladle.

I know a woman who must be 60 years old if she's a day, but is a pretty compilment lost on her? Not a bit of it. She had been living on them all her life, and for that very reason will be young and tresh when another woman would be faded and old. She inspires sweet thoughts by her manners and charming, interesting mentality. Just the other night she was sitting in a box at a theater, sharing an evening's enjoyment with several other playsoers, when a young man appeared on the stage and claimed her attention.

"I saw that man's father play with Charlotte Cushman thirty years ago," she remarked to a man who sat behind her.

"You must have been brought in on a pillow," he answered.

Now, why in the world don't men cultivate cleverness like that?

Not one in forty would have had the tact and quickness to have made that remark. I can't prove that statement, of course, but I'd bet a good deal on it if I could, just the same. I know a woman who must be 60 years

A \$50,000,000 HEIR.

The Bequest Makes No Difference to Him-He Says That It Pays to Be Silent.

From the New York World. "My path through life was never marked by the dollars I dropped behind me."

These are the words of James Henry Smith, the "Silent Millionaire of Wall He spoke them to a World reporter yesterday, his first day in Wall street after two months in England, where he went to get \$50,000,000 left him by his uncle, George Smith.

Mr. Smith spoke not, for his motto is "Silence is golden." He simply glanced at the latest quotations on Chicago, Burling-



deal of Zulu blood is intermingled with our race. This is another English absurdity. We pride ourselves upon our hereditary clannishness and we treat the Zulus and Basutos and Mashoanos simply as servants to do the drudgery and other labor which they are willing to perform to participate to a slight degree in the influences of our civilization. We carry our relationships almost to an absurdity, for a Boer, even if he is only a liftleth cousin, is a relative, but from our custom of intermarrying all Boer families are more or less closely related.

"Like all Boers girls, I am an excellent shot and I frequently wish I were back in the Transvani, that I might, if need be defend our land from the relentless attacks of the English invader. From sheet acks of the English invader. From sheet acks of the English invader. From sheet long range. Our cunning with the gun has been handed down to us through the generations. When treking on the veldt it often fell to the women to keep the prowing lions away from the wagons and in time of war our women stand behind the laager or barricades, as the case may be load the guns, tend the wounded and if needed take a hand in the long run by "We will be defeated in the long run by" "We will be defeated in the long run by" "See you on my return."

Well Trained Reserve-In Time Peace Many of the Men Are Employed in the Postal Service.

From the Army and Navy.

An important branch of the royal en gineers which will see service in South Africa is the telegraph battalion, which, by reason of long and careful training at Al dershot and in active campaigning, has be come extremely efficient. Men who enlist to serve in the telegraph buttalion must spend three years with the colors and as many on the reserve list; while in the re-



its full strength can easily muster 1,190 men.

When the campnign opened in Egypt, in 1882, the postal and telegraph arrangements of the British army were entrusted to the army postal corps, which was composed of men from the Middlesex regiment, and was attached to the Rifle brigade.

It would be impossible to notice all the occasions on which our military telegraph service has proved its efficiency, and we can only glance at a few cases in which special commendation has been given to the telegraph battalion. During the first Ashanti war, at forty-eight hours' warning, a complete force trained in the postal telegraph service was sent out with stores, etc., drawn from the postofice, and was eminently successful in its work. During the Zultu war some of the colonial lines were taken over and worked by military telegraphists. In 1882 the existing telegraph lines were similarly worked up to the time of the capture of Cairo.

In the Nile Expedition.

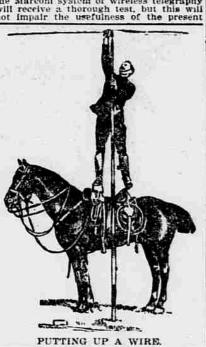
In the Nile Expedition. During the Nile expedition of 1884-85 th

elegraph service was of the utmost in The following facts will give portance. The following facts will give some idea of the work done by the telegraph section on that occasion:

A line already existed from Cairo nearly to Korti, and this was continued for eignty-nine miles to Hamdab, the whole length of the wire from Cairo to Hamdab being 1.169 miles. For more than half this distance, that is to say from Cairo up to Wady Halfa, the line was worked by the Egyptian telegraph department, and along this stretch interruptions frequently occurred. turred.
The rest of the line was worked partly

The rest of the line was worked partly by military and partly by Egyptian operators, but was entirely under the director of telegraphs. Beyond Wady halfa there was but a single wire, and as an example of the strain thrown upon the telegraph service it was stated that on one night 17,000 words were by this one wire signaled from Korti. No fewer than 188 miles of new line were laid down and forly miles of the existing line were renewed.

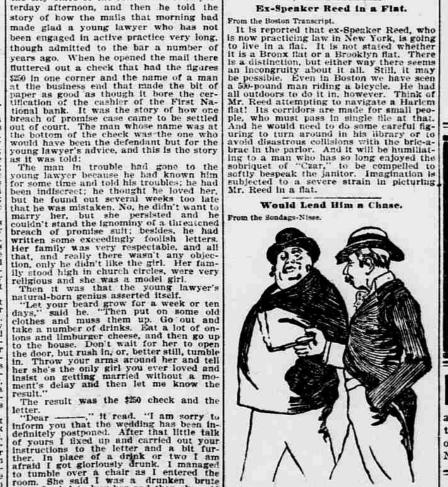
In South Africa it is understood that the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy will receive a thorough test, but this will not impair the usefulness of the present



telegraph battalion. it is not probable that the Marconi system can be worked successfully under all conditions principally because experienced operators are lacking, while the ordinary field service, as at present constituted, will be always ready for any emergency.

Ex-Speaker Reed in a Flat.

From the Boston Transcript.



the English, but we will show that we know how to fight. "Here I am continually harassed by ...e thought that I am needed by my country and at times so strong is the inclination to return that I am almost persuaded to commence the long voyage to the land of my nativity so that I may be able to nelp, it it is possible, repeat to the israish the terrible lessons we taught them at Rorke's drift and Majuba hill." WAR TIME TELEGRAPHY THIRTY-NINE HUNDRED HOW BRITISH OPERATORS AND LINEMEN DO THEIR WORK. PHYSICIANS PRESCRIBE "HYOMEI"

THIRTY-ONE THOUSAND DRUGGISTS SELL IT.

Over One Million People Use It Daily During the Winter Months.

WHY?

Because It Is Known to Physicians as the Only Germicide Which Can Be Inhaled.

BECAUSE

It Is Known to the Druggists as the Only Advertised Treatment Ever Indorsed by the Medical Profession.

THE PEOPLE USE IT

Because They Know It Will Cure Them of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma and Consumption, or Their Money Will Be Refunded.

For the benefit of the hundreds of men and women who cannot understand the wonderful success of "Hyomel" in curing diseases of the air passages and lungs, and its adoption by the medical profession throughout the country, we will explain:

This treatment was founded upon the knowledge that air, and dry air only, can enter the bronchial tubes and lungs; it at once commended itself to all scientific and medical men, who, after a few trials, found in "Hyomei" a new germieide of sufficient power to kill at once the bacilli of catarrh, bronchitis and consumption, and at the same time volatile enough to impregnate every particle of air breathed by the patient, yet leaving it free from moisture, thus enabling the cure to reach every part of the passages in the head and throat and penetrate to the minutest air cells in the lungs. THIS HAD NEVER BEFORE BEEN ACCOMPLISHED, and the results which followed showed that at last the true treatment for diseases of the respiratory organs had been found. This was but a few short months ago, yet to-day the R. T. Booth Company can produce fifty testimonials for every one shown by any treatment

heretofore known, although they have been in existence for years.

The reason for this is plain. First, moisture of any kind cannot enter the bronchial tubes or lungs, consequently the treatments given with sprays, douches, atomizers or vapors do not reach the diseased parts. Secondly, the bacilli of catarrh, bronchitis and consumption grow with almost inconceivable rapidity in a few hours; hence, treatments, even once every day, cannot prevent their increase; whereas, Booth's Inhaler, carried in the pocket, can be used at all times and in any place, every inhalation carrying death to the germs which cause the disease. These removed, the healing of the mucous membrane begins and continues until a permanent cure is effected, which seldom requires but a few weeks in the most severe cases.

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